

H. C. Burleigh Papers

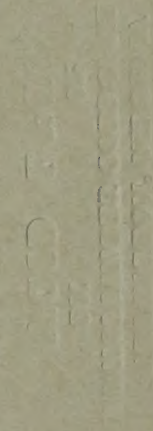
Caswell

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Rector

H.C. Burleigh Papers





Brockville Nov<sup>r</sup> 22<sup>d</sup> 1838. <sup>Thursday</sup>  
~~Friday~~.  
6 o'clock P.M.

My dear Mother,

When I wrote to my father last week, I little thought that a dreadful calamity was impending over my own little family circle. Little Robert died this afternoon at two o'clock. As you are aware, he had not been well for many months; having suffered from fever, ague, & worms, before coming to Canada. His complaints finally terminated in water on the brain, which caused his death. For the last 48 hours he lay insensible, with a constant rattling in his throat; & part of the time in shocking convulsions, so that we thought it a great mercy when death put an end to his sufferings. I thought when little Henry died that we could not endure a greater affliction; but that greater affliction has come, & still we are supported by the same merciful Father. We feel once more assured that all is designed for our good & that we have reason to rejoice even in tribulation. Robert was a child of a most tender & affectionate disposition. On my Father's birthday in Oct<sup>r</sup> last when we drank my father's health, he said in the most feeling manner "God bless dear Grandpapa". He never would go to sleep without saying his prayers & always rejoiced in talking about God, Christ, heaven, & angels. He used to say in his prayers "Pray God take me when I die to heaven where little Henry is." And I doubt not that the dear child's prayer is answered and that my two little sons are now together in Paradise with one who can take better care of them than I could have done. There now remain to me only dear Mary & little Elizabeth; & I hope to be prepared to part with them as soon as a wise Providence may determine.

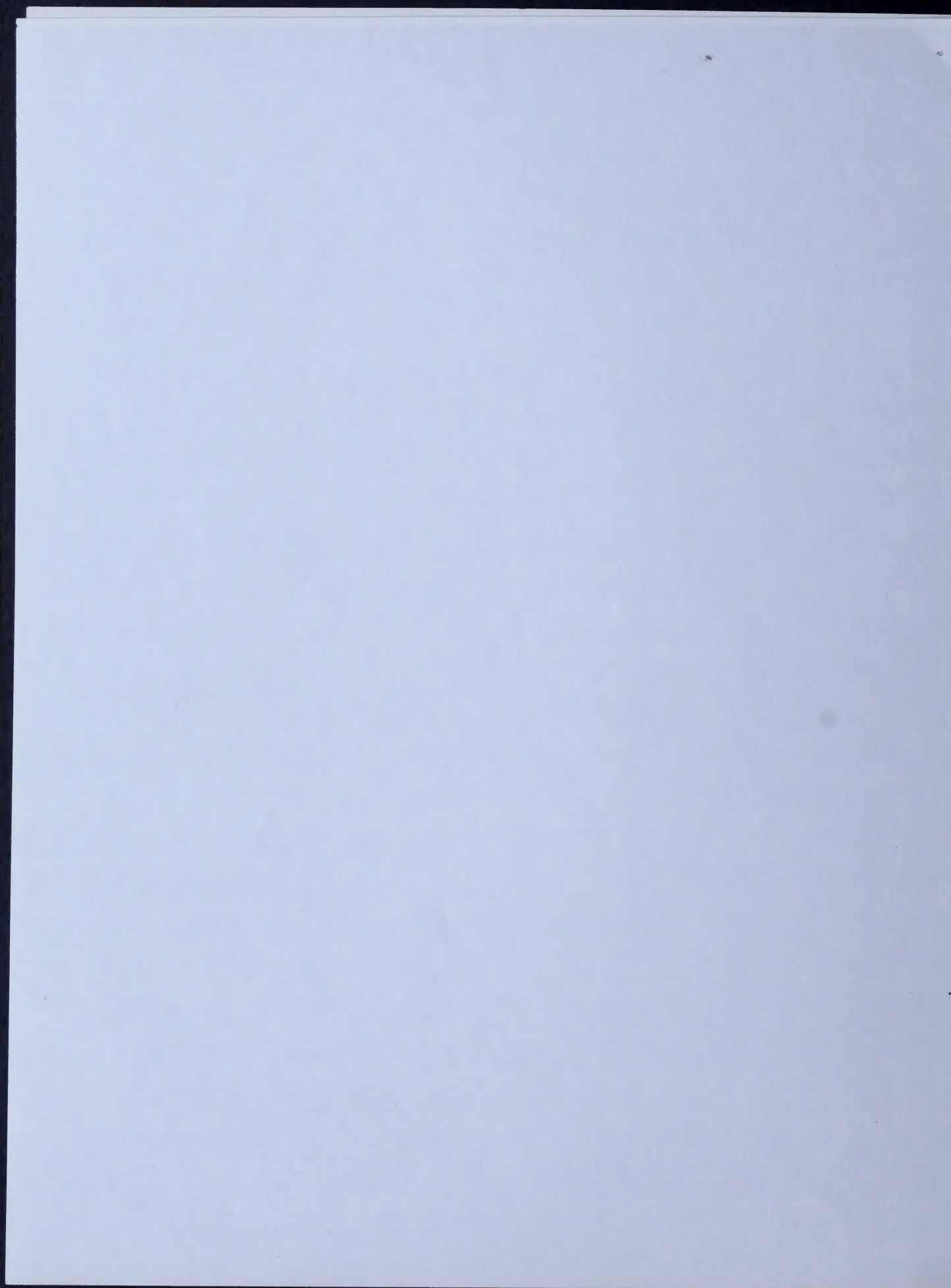






wrote to my father when the issue of the invasion by the American brigands  
is uncertain. The day I wrote I had occasion to go to Prescott, & it so  
appeared that the steamboat in which I went contained 400 troops of the 83<sup>d</sup>  
under Col. Bullas, together with much heavy artillery. Another steamboat  
carried some mountain 32 pounders to batter the windmill. When we reached Pres-  
cott the besieged inhabitants gave three most hearty cheers. The militia then  
formed into a line enveloping the mill on the land-side, at half-  
a-mile distant from it. Four steamboats & 2 gun-boats cut off the  
retreat of the rebels by water. The heavy cannons were then drawn by 8 horses  
and took a hill overlooking the mill & they together with the boats opened a  
terrific bombardment on the enemy. The windmill was of stone 4 feet  
thick & immensely high but the balls made an impression & the enemy were  
driven. A few brave troops of the 83<sup>d</sup> then charged them with fixed bayonets.  
I saw so many a spectacle. Just as it became dark they set fire to the  
upper part of the mill & the surviving brigands to the number of 160 threw  
down their arms & were captured. The next day I returned in the same  
boat with the 83<sup>d</sup> & the prisoners. Nearly half of the latter were horribly wound-  
ed, & their shrieks & groans were like those of condemned spirits. Our soldiers  
mercifully dressed their wounds, & washed them; & took as much care of them as  
if they had been their brothers. Most of the invaders were Americans from the  
United States; but their general was a Polish officer. We have lost about  
20, besides a number who are shockingly wounded. The enemy have lost a great  
number; & the survivors will probably be hanged as robbers & murderers.  
Three of the brave people who fought nobly on the British side, were a Kentucky  
man, a New-England man, & a gentleman from Indiana. The New-England  
man is from Vermont: his leg was broken by a ball & he will lose it & probably  
his life. So that you may perceive that not all the Americans are in the wrong.  
Rebellion & invasion are ~~not~~ crushed for the present; but how long they





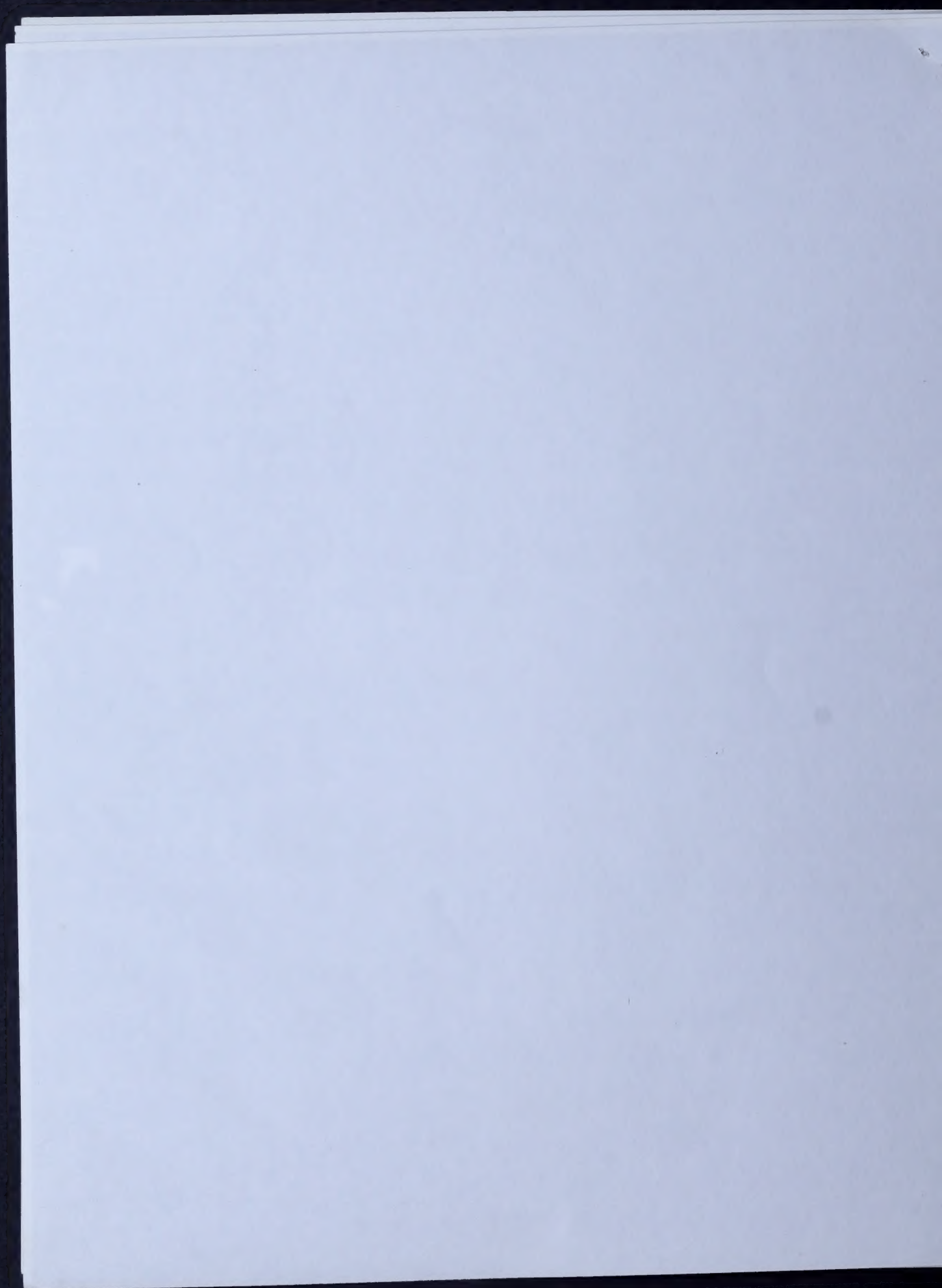


will remain so is uncertain. Should they continue, my prospects here will be blighted. People will not send their children to school in such times, much less to a place situated within cannon shot of the Americans. Yet if a war between England & America should be the result of all this, as is generally expected here, it would be infinitely better for me to be here than in the United States. In the States, I should be almost a prisoner of war, at least I should be the object of suspicion. Here I should be under the glorious banner of my country, & under a government to which I feel most heartily loyal, after my 10 years trial of republicanism. Should peace be happily preserved, I shall have every inducement offered to go back to the States, should I find it expedient. Yesterday I received a most kind & affectionate letter from B. Kemper, in which he says "I sanguinely hope that your services will shortly be demanded by our church in such a manner as to compel you to acquiesce". I copy the following from a New-York paper not from vain-glory, to which I trust I feel no inclination at present, but to show the feeling which exists "During the approaching holidays, Murray of London, it is understood, is to bring out a work by the Rev. W. Caswall, containing his observations on America, & especially on the American Church. We can hardly suppose we are giving our readers information when we add, that W. Caswall is an Englishman, a nephew of the late Bishop of Salisbury and a noted scholar, who, coming to this country at the age of seventeen, pursued his theological studies here, and received orders in the American Church; to which by his learning, & his useful labours in the various stations he has filled, he has been an ornament."

Yesterday I had a letter from Fred. informing me of his safe return to his country. I have received no letter from home since that from my father respecting Draper. Of the latter I have heard nothing yet.

We have received the utmost kindness & attention from the people here English, Irish, Scotch, Canadian, & American. During the <sup>the extremity of</sup> Little Roberts







Saturday Nov. 24<sup>th</sup> At 12 o'clock to-day the remains of our dear little Robert were committed to the grave. The service was performed by an English clergyman, (Mr Robert Blakey) — Last Sunday week dear Robert went with us to church for the first time. He had asked me to let him go to "God's house" a great many times but we were fearful he would not keep quiet. He was quite overjoyed when we at last told him that he might go to church. He took a little book, "Devotions" that Olivia sent to Henry and called it his prayer book. When the service commenced

paid  
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 Mrs. Chas. West-Lavington  
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he rose and went through with the different forms as well as he was able. When the Lord's prayer was used he repeated it with us. When prayers were read which he did not know he repeated verse from his "little prayer book" which was the only one he ever learned entirely. The verse was from "Phil. 4.4. Rejoice in the Lord always; and again I say, rejoice." — The house seems very lonely without our dear little prattler but we do not repine. Pray for us my dear mother that our afflictions may be sanctified to us and that we may go where our children have gone to their Father in Heaven. With kindest love to all, I remain your affectionate daughter, Chas. Lavington.



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Caswall, Rev Henry



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